

Lemonade

Do not listen
to the howling dogma
of voices confined,
cabined, cribbed in
the smallest Russian
nesting doll;

instead, dance to the music
from the other side of the fence,
opaque melodies
and polyrhythms
impossible to count,
bongo furious tattoo
spinning the maelstrom
like a surfing Sufi dervish.

If the Seven Mad Gods
who rule the sea
decree death by drowning,
the choice is between staying
in hot sunlight on the beach
trying to postpone the inevitable,
or swimming in the shade
of the kelp forest
while fiddler crabs
strike up a sideways tune.

– Jeffery Greb

(previously published in *Mason County Aspires*)